



# My regrets, as I lay dying



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## Chapter 1 by Sarah tonin

The tears in my eyes are being washed away by cool rain droplets falling upon my unprotected face. I feel like I am in an awkward position laying here on the soggy ground. But I feel little pain, physical pain anyhow. I can not feel anything, and no matter how hard I will my body it will not move. I know there is something seriously wrong, I know I am dying. The screeching tires that I heard just before I hit the ground are now again peeling out and fading as the car that hit me gains distance between myself and it. More tears. I don't feel much of anything about them that hit me and now flee they are of little importance to me at this moment.

Though my central nervous system obviously is broken somehow. I can feel a burning in the center of me. That place somewhere between the heart and stomach that flutters when you see the boy you like in high school, the same place those "gut instincts" that we all rely on from time to time. And of course where sorrow is felt,

This place was hurting me so bad it was all I could think of, it has consumed me. I see the faces of those that mean so much to me. The ones I would do anything, ANYTHING to see and speak to one more time. Those that needed me. Oh GOD the things I still have to say, the things I always

should have said. The things I will never be able to say.

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before you die is that what is happening? It must be I am so calm because I can see myself as a

child and as I am now. I see my parents and long distance relatives and old friends from school. Enemies who bullied me into hating myself and the things I wish I'd said to them but didn't because I was too scared. Always too scared, and now I'm more scared than ever.

There are voices filling my head. They get louder. I hear a woman shrieking, cutting through all the other voices like a diamond through glass, "Oh my god, oh my god! Someone call an ambulance!"

My eyes flutter open and I realize the voices are not in my head. A blur of movement and color flashes and a tiny bit of comprehension clutches at my mind. These are real people and they are gathering around me. Witnesses to my devastation.

"Are you okay?" It's the woman. I feel her hair brush my cheek and wetness on my face. Is it rain or blood or tears? Is it her or me? I can't move my legs or find my voice. My eyes are starting to open more and I am not controlling it.

I try to give her an indication of some kind that I'm still inside this broken body somewhere. She must see my eyes moving.

"You're going to be okay, you're going to be okay," she repeats herself in a manic way. I can't feel my body and she can't stop talking.

Time is meaningless right now, and I wish there was more of it. I wish this woman was someone I actually knew.

"There's a lot of blood," it's a man's voice. I don't see him. He says it like he's reading a newspaper or watching a television commercial. Like it's just something happening and not my entire life shattering in this moment.

Then sirens in the distance.

### Chapter 3 by tokyokevin



I heard them coming and I ran to the door. I had learned it in junior high. Mr. O'Leary's class. He used an ambulance as an example. You have to be careful when you listen carefully. As the ambulance passed outside,

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Sure enough, the whine changed pitch, just as the ambulance passed. It was as if the world was changing in its wake.

Kind of felt like that now. A changing of tone, a wake, a movement. Except I was still.

"Is there anything we should be doing?" she had red hair. Short. The woman from before. No change in tone yet.

"There is breathing. I don't think we need to do CPR. We should wait for the EMTs." The man's voice held no authority. He was as scared as the lady.

Or was it woman? Why does it matter? Who the hell cares. The grey sky moved in closer. I could see the breath on the woman. Stacato plumes of mist in the cold air. The man's were longer in between, and the plumes lasted longer.

Funny. It didn't seem like I had any plumes.

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